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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1423.

Choice Poetry.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting throng,
And the sound of some fine beat
Be answering woven like a song.

Here fear the flitting figures come—
The maid, the lover, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless ease and some
Where secret woes have left their trace.

They pass—and lo, another, to meet,
To fade as which the front o'erpast!
To elsewhere wisters the fleeting crowd
In silence ebb beside the dead!

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, gathering round, delight to clasp
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who wait in entrances here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door—
Whose case who make their dwelling door.
In forms of revelry and death.

Youth, with pale cheeks and slender frame
And dreams of greatness in those eyes!
Thou, too, shalt learn the lesson early sense,
Or early in the task to die!

Keen eyes of mirth, whose arrows keen
Who is now fluttering on thy nests!
Thy golden fortunes, lower they now?
Or mock the golden fortunes of others?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance? to-night, the festal board
Who narrow in the untimely dead?
Who wander in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-stricken, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light
And some, who flaunt in gold and jewels,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Robes, where the pride of man is powerless,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is, when shall come, the noble dame
In His large love and boundless breadth
These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wild and aimless whirl to meet,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to an appointed end.

PARTING ODE.

Sung at the close of the ceremonies at the recent Commencement of Yale College.

Friendship, tenderly,
Here, at last,
The farewell that lingers
Be breathed from the heart
No place can more endearing,
Oh, home of the Lord—
Here be it spoken!

That last prayerful word
Thoughtless, careless,
Solemn and slow
Down into the silent deep
The path that we go,
Pale in future or
We know not to-day—
Kindly and cold,
Oh, Lord, and our way.

Upwardly, steadfast,
Onward, and on,
Jesus, our leader,
Our companion ever!
His steps are in view,
His calmness
Up to Heaven.
His benedictions shoot

Fatherly, cheerfully,
Up and onward,
To labor and duty,
With unbounded zeal
The consecrated with gladness
To the work of living,
Nowising, Saturday,
To-day and to-day.

Pictures of Life.

MY FATHER'S FIRST LOVE.

FROM "THE CASKET," NOW BEING PUBLISHED IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER I.

"I bet my mother early, my father, a good man, but who was an architect that he nearly starved from his talent, and who died in middle days without speaking, like an Indian convict, left Roland and myself to educate ourselves much according to our own fancies. I was then twelve and Roland, —read all the poetry and books of chivalry to be found in my father's collection, which was rich in such matters, and made a great many copies of the old prints—and, indeed, I may say that my father ever evinced much of the vital principle. Early in life I conceived a passion for grave studies, and by the time I became a man at Mr. Roberts, who, but for his modesty, Kitty, would have rivalled Pascal. He was a perpetual Bodleian for industry, and, by the way, he said exactly the same thing that Bodley wrote full, viz: 'that he would have in his list was that in which he was married, for on that day he had only had six hours for reading.' Under such a master I could not but be a student, for I came from the university with such distinctions as to be at once looked upon as a rising man in the world.

"I returned to my father's quiet retreat, to pause and look about me, and consider what path it should take to fame. The century was just at the foot of the hill, and the great and glorious days of the canto Roland has since proclaimed. And though I did not feel the wish to make the same romantic veneration as my dear brother, (for my day-dreams were more confined by classic than feudal recollections,) I yet loved to blush the hot book in hand, and build my castles in the air amid the marks of the old Roman camps, or the barrow of an old earth.

"One day, entering the old weed-grown court, I saw a lady, seated on my favorite spot, sketching the ruins. There was nothing remarkable about than any woman I had yet seen, at least to my eyes. In a word, I was fascinated, and, as the late phrase is, 'quite smitten.' I stood and looked at a little distance, and contemplated her without desiring to speak. Reputedly, from another part of the ruins, which were then unobstructed, came a tall, imposing, elderly gentleman, of a military aspect, and a little dog. The dog ran up to me, barking. This drew the attention of both lady and gentleman to my presence. The gentleman called off the dog, and apologized with much politeness. Surveying me somewhat curiously, he then began to ask questions about the old place, and the depth of it had been made, and the names and antecedents at much he was well acquainted. My degrees it came out that I was the descendant of that family, a branch of which was the noble exciter who was now its representative. The gentleman then introduced himself to me as Sir Earl of Ranesforth, the principal proprietor to the neighborhood, but who had so rarely visited there, that by during my childhood and earlier youth, that I had never before seen him. His only son, however, a junior to myself, had, I remember, been at the same college with me in my first year at the university. The young man was very popular and a scholar, and we had become slightly acquainted when he left me to travel.

"Now, on hearing my name, Lord Ranesforth took my hand cordially, and leading me to his daughter, said, 'Theodora, this is a relation, and this is the Mr. Caxton whom your brother so often spoke of.'

"In short, my dear Pisistratus, the ice was broken, the acquaintance made, and Lord Ranesforth, saying he was come to stone for his long absence from the county, and to reside at Compton the greater part of the year, pressed me to visit him. I did so. Lord Ranesforth's liking to me increased; I want them often."

My father paused, and seeing my mother had fixed her eyes upon him with a sort of mercurial earnestness, and had pressed his hands very tightly together, he bent down and kissed her fore-head.

"There is no cause, my child!" said he. It is the only time I ever heard him call my mother by that paternal name. But then, I never heard him before he gave and assumed—as a confession, too, —it was incredible, it was not my father speaking—it was another man. "Yes, I went there often. Lord Ranesforth was a remarkable person. Supreme, that was wholly without pride, (which it rare) and a love for rich literary pursuits, had prevented him taking that personal part in public life for which he was richly qualified by his reputation for sense and honor, and his personal popularity had given him an incontestable influence even, I believe, in the formation of cabinets, and he had once been prevailed upon to fill a high diplomatic situation abroad, in which I have an doubt that he was as miserable as a good man can be under any infliction. He was now resolved to retire from the world, and look at it through the lengthens of contempt. Lord Ranesforth had a great respect for talent, and a warm interest in much of the young as seemed to him to possess it. By letter, indeed, his family had young their were singularly characterized. His ancestor, the first peer, had been a distinguished wit; his father had been celebrated for scientific attainments; his children, Oliver and Lord Frederick, were highly accomplished. Thus, the family identified themselves with the aristocracy of intellect, and seemed unconscious of any claim to the more vulgar luxury of rank. You must bear this in mind throughout my story.

"Lady Elliott shared her father's tastes and habits of thought—like her, left them as a heaven. Lord Ranesforth talked to me of my career. It was a time when the French Revolution had made statesmen look with much scorn upon the old strongholds the existing order of things, by alliance with all the learning and intelligence existed such ability as might influence their contemporaries.

"University distinction is, or was formerly, among the peculiar passports to public life. By degrees Lord Ranesforth led me to what he did suggest to me a seat in the House of Commons. A member of Parliament might rise to anything, and Lord Ranesforth had sufficient influence to effect my return. Dazzling prospects of fame and power whole track from Thucydides, and with Demosthenes knelt at his tongue's end. My dear boy, I was not then, you see, what I am now. I was, as I heard, I loved Elliott Compton, and therefore I was ambitious. The love exhilarated and the ambition. But I could not modify my ambition to my love. I could not contemplate calmly the estate of my country as a dependent on a party or a patron—as a man who must make his fortune there—as a man who, every day, must study how for how much nearer he advanced himself to command. I was not then what the Lord Keeper Keith's views on politics were the same as mine would be. But I could the politics of an exposed and man of the world be those of an ardent young student? But had they been identical, I felt that I could not ask my mistress with a portion to her daughter. No! I was ready to abandon my own views, where such views were a presumption, and my energy at the bar—to carve or leave my own way to fortune—and, if successful, to return and claim what I truly, the right to speak of love, and not of power. This was not the view of Lord Ranesforth. He wished to bet a husband for his needless drudgery; there was nothing in it to captivate her imagination. Then the young man with that charm which she yet retains, and by what she seems to consider as the highest of all claims to her. She would turn to me with a pleading look when first I left her for the fruitful prospects of a parliamentary success, for to feel having gained it, yet having lived with those who had I entertained a high opinion of her sex, and I do so through some other. But when I, in turn, spoke of independence—of the future—of fame—of a career. The world—the world was with her, and the ambition of love, which is always the ambition of power—effect. A part of the lesser lot exposed to the vast wind. 'Plant half-way down the hill,' said I, 'and I will climb the crest!' said Elliott—'it will be twenty years before the trees grow up.' No, my dear Pisistratus, I was not to cower it with creepers!' That was an illustration of her whole character. She could not wait the slow and tame to grow up, a food wall would be so much more quickly thrown up, and possess the immediate effect. I was not to be her husband, but her architect. Reputedly, from another part of the ruins, which were then unobstructed, came a tall, imposing, elderly gentleman, of a military aspect, and a little dog. The dog ran up to me, barking. This drew the attention of both lady and gentleman to my presence. The gentleman called off the dog, and apologized with much politeness. Surveying me somewhat curiously, he then began to ask questions about the old place, and the depth it had been made, and the names and antecedents at much he was well acquainted. My degrees it came out that I was the descendant of that family, a branch of which was the noble exciter who was now its representative. The gentleman then introduced himself to me as Sir Earl of Ranesforth, the principal proprietor to the neighborhood, but who had so rarely visited there, that by during my childhood and earlier youth, that I had never before seen him. His only son, however, a junior to myself, had, I remember, been at the same college with me in my first year at the university. The young man was very popular and a scholar, and we had become slightly acquainted when he left me to travel.

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My father paused, and seeing my mother had fixed her eyes upon him with a sort of mercurial earnestness, and had pressed his hands very tightly together, he bent down and kissed her fore-head.

"There is no cause, my child!" said he. It is any one willingly. Did she deceive me and Roland that we both, though not conscious men, felt that we had deserved it? Was a question, too, we had not so dared in vain! or do you, think, Kitty, that a woman really can love cast much, perhaps, but remember! we do there is half a dozen at a time?"

"Impossible," cried my mother. "And so for this Lady Elliott, I am shocked at her—I don't like her at all!"

"Nor I either, my dear!" and my father, slowly taking his hand from his waistcoat, as if the effort were too much for him, and the position were insufferable. "But this, begging your pardon, I do think, that before a young woman does really, truly, and cordially centre her affections on one man, she does not, whether she will or no, exert all or power, curiously, or Heaven knows what, to stimulate, even to her own mind, pale reference to the inferiority of her rival—particle that proceeds the sun. Don't judge of Roland as you see him now, Pisistratus—grim, and fiery, and fierce!—imagine a nature causing high amongst daring theologies and romantic life—with a passion for youthful life—with a frame matchless for bounding and elasticity—an eye bright with haughty fire—a head and given a frank and generous nature. And so who had spoken first might have had the better chance—but it remains a fact." But father of all speaks. And perhaps she was rather curious to know if she had the power to command, that curious to create it. It was not that she willingly deceived us, but her whole atmosphere was fabulous. Reason was not there. Reverence for Roland and I were not long in detecting each other. We met then, you see, what I am now, and I, as I heard, I loved Elliott Compton, and therefore I was ambitious. The love exhilarated and the ambition still. But I could not modify my ambition to my love. I could not contemplate calmly the estate of my country as a dependent on a party or a patron—as a man who must make his fortune there—as a man who, every day, must study how for how much nearer he advanced himself to command. I was not then what I am now. Lord Keith's views on politics were the same as mine would be. But could the politics of an exposed and man of the world be those of an ardent young student? But had they been identical, I felt that I could not ask my mistress with a portion to her daughter. No! I was ready to abandon my own views, where such views were a presumption, and my energy at the bar—to carve or leave my own way to fortune—and, if successful, to return and claim what I truly, the right to speak of love, and not of power. This was not the view of Lord Ranesforth. He wished to bet a husband for his needless drudgery; there was nothing in it to captivate her imagination. Then the young man with that charm which she yet retains, and by what she seems to consider as the highest of all claims to her. She would turn to me with a pleading look when first I left her for the fruitful prospects of a parliamentary success, for to feel having gained it, yet having lived with those who had I entertained a high opinion of her sex, and I do so through some other. But when I, in turn, spoke of independence—of the future—of fame—of a career. The world—the world was with her, and the ambition of love, which is always the ambition of power—effect. A part of the lesser lot exposed to the vast wind. 'Plant half-way down the hill,' said I, 'and I will climb the crest!' said Elliott—'it will be twenty years before the trees grow up.' No, my dear Pisistratus, I was not to cower it with creepers!' That was an illustration of her whole character. She could not wait the slow and tame to grow up, a food wall would be so much more quickly thrown up, and possess the immediate effect. I was not to be her husband, but her architect. Reputedly, from another part of the ruins, which were then unobstructed, came a tall, imposing, elderly gentleman, of a military aspect, and a little dog. The dog ran up to me, barking. This drew the attention of both lady and gentleman to my presence. The gentleman called off the dog, and apologized with much politeness. Surveying me somewhat curiously, he then began to ask questions about the old place, and the depth it had been made, and the names and antecedents at much he was well acquainted. My degrees it came out that I was the descendant of that family, a branch of which was the noble exciter who was now its representative. The gentleman then introduced himself to me as Sir Earl of Ranesforth, the principal proprietor to the neighborhood, but who had so rarely visited there, that by during my childhood and earlier youth, that I had never before seen him. His only son, however, a junior to myself, had, I remember, been at the same college with me in my first year at the university. The young man was very popular and a scholar, and we had become slightly acquainted when he left me to travel.

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CHAPTER II.

"There is not a mystical creation, type, symbol, or allegory in the world," said my father, "that is more sensible, and incomprehensible, which is represented by the female gender," said my father, "than a woman's love. Whether it be the love of a mother for her offspring, or the love of a sister for her brother, or the love of a wife for her husband, or the love of a daughter for her father, or the love of a friend for her friend, or the love of a lover for her lover, or the love of a mistress for her paramour, or the love of a prostitute for her pimp, or the love of a harlot for her customer, or the love of a courtesan for her admirer, or the love of a concubine for her master, or the love of a slave for her owner, or the love of a servant for her master, or the love of a subject for her king, or the love of a citizen for her country, or the love of a patriot for her country, or the love of a martyr for her religion, or the love of a saint for her God, or the love of a sinner for her God, or the love of a devil for her God, or the love of a demon for her God, or the love of a spirit for her God, or the love of a god for her God, or the love of a goddess for her God, or the love of a deity for her God, or the love of a divinity for her God, or the love of a supreme being for her God, or the love of a creator for her God, or the love of a maker for her God, or the love of a preserver for her God, or the love of a redeemer for her God, or the love of a savior for her God, or the love of a mediator for her God, or the love of an intercessor for her God, or the love of an advocate for her God, or the love of a friend for her God, or the love of a lover for her God, or the love of a mistress for her God, or the love of a paramour for her God, or the love of a prostitute for her God, or the love of a harlot for her God, or the love of a courtesan for her God, or the love of a concubine for her God, or the love of a slave for her God, or the love of a servant for her God, or the love of a subject for her God, or the love of a citizen for her God, or the love of a patriot for her God, or the love of a martyr for her God

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 99 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second story*, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage *is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the *State* as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. H. The writer of this poem regrets that we did not think a former piece up to the standard of the Post. He says: "It was merely a tribute to friendship without pretending to poetic excellence." Does not our friend see he is very unreasonable in asking us to publish articles which are "merely tributes to friendship," without possessing that poetic excellence which alone can make them generally acceptable?—We could fill our paper, large as it is, weekly, with original matter, and thereby please a number of authors and their friends greatly, but what would our vast family of other readers think?

ACCEPTED. "October," "Sonnet to John Mitchel," and "The Fallen Star."

DECLINED. "Music of the Sea," "Fond Expectations," "Genius, Its Trials and Rewards," "Song," and "Autumn" are respectfully declined. Most of these pieces have much merit; but we think not quite sufficient to warrant us in inserting them in the Post.

SERENADE. Parts of this are pretty, but it hardly "draws enough water." Does the author think he is doing a sensible thing in singing to his lady love as follows:

"Oh, wake thee, lady—come with me.
And thou my guiding star shall be,
Together o'er the fields we'll stray
And gather flowers till dawn of day."

Suppose his fair sweetheart was to take him at his word and comply with his request, would he not be astonished to see the front door open, and she come tripping out, attired for a ramble in the fields, ...

[...]

France, which is agitating us, that of the Presidency. Louis Napoleon has had the want of sense to open his lips in the National Assembly, and having thus exposed the calibre of his mind, his chances were diminishing every day. He failed in eloquence—more, he failed in theatrical effect. He hesitated, he was confused, he said nothing of the glory of France, of its being indissolubly connected with that of the great founder of his house, he did not touch that electric chord, Napoleon. Besides, he spoke with a German accent. His opponents breathed freer, they saw their advantage. M. Thouret, who had offered an amendment in condemnation of the "Pretender," as he called him, rose from his seat, and, with undisguised irony, said, that after the few short sentences they had heard, he was quite satisfied that his fears of the "Pretender" were exaggerated, and that his amendment was needless, and therefore withdrew it. The observation was received with loud plaudits from all sides of the Assembly, excepting from that upon which Prince Louis Napoleon and his friends were seated. The *Debats* said, in its report, that the words spoken by the oratorical novice produced a marvellous effect, for they set those who most feared him quite at their ease.

In proportion as Louis Napoleon's chances diminish, do those of Cavaignac, and Lamartine,—yes, of Lamartine—increase. For Lamartine, that "noblest Roman of them all," may be after all the first President of the new Republic. A speech made by him in relation to the mode of electing the first President—whether by the Assembly or by the people—did much to settle that question in favor of the liberal and republican course, and has relit that flame of admiration which at the commencement of the Revolution burnt for him so brightly. The following description of the effect of his last speech is from the Paris paper "*La Presse*:"

M. de Lamartine went on to show how selfishness would attack the motives of the persons voting for the President—one, because he was a relative; another, a friend; and a third, that he wanted an embassy! At these words, shouts of approbation issued from every bench, and the Assembly, rising by an electric movement, rushed round the tribune, disputing with each other to grasp the hand of the eloquent speaker; amongst the foremost we behold M. M. Duclerc, Garnier Pages, and Pagnerre. We also behold—oh, ingratitude of men, and effort of the setting sun!—General Cavaignac left alone on his bench, where he was apparently bound in taking notes, whilst M. Marrast—

"L'œil morne maintenant et la tete baissee,
Semblait se conformer a sa trist pensee,"

for the Presidential Chair, now become a veritable bed of suffering. We can comprehend the effect produced by this apostrophe of M. de Lamartine; it was by an allocution of that kind that Cromwell drove out the members of the rump parliament. The success of M. de Lamartine was complete, and the question of the Presidency may be regarded as settled.

The election of Lamartine to the Presidency would be a source of pleasure to the great body of Republicans, the world over. He, of all the new men that have appeared on the stage of action during the late troublous times in France, has conducted himself with the most moderation, liberality and firmness. He may be deficient in some practical points of character, but not more so than others; while he excels all his rivals in purity, disinterestedness and a desire to carry out in sincerity, so far as is practicable, the great principles of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the motto and watchwords of the Revolution.

In Ireland, Smith O'Brien has been found guilty—the jury recommending him to mercy in the following words: "We earnestly recommend the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Government, the jury being unanimously of opinion that for various reasons his life should be spared."

The Clerk of the Crown then asked Mr. O'Brien what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him.

Mr. O'Brien said—My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, ...

[...]

OUR PREMIUM.

The first of November is here, and upon looking over our subscription list, we find the three following post towns have sent us the largest number of subscribers within the past year:

Salem, Ohio,	129
Clintonville, New York,	111
Greenfield, Mass.,	105

We therefore award the premium to Salem. And according to our offer, will send the Post *gratis* to all our subscribers in that town for one year, beginning at the expiration of their present subscriptions.

We now renew the offer for the next year. And trust that there will be more competition for it than there has been for the year just closed. Our readers will perceive how easily any one of a great number of towns could have taken the prize from Salem. The following are the terms of the offer:

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office at any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

LIBEL SUITS.

The following paragraph recently appeared in an editorial column of our respected contemporary, the City Item:

SUING FOR LIBEL.—We do not know of a more miserable, left handed, one-sided, cross-eyed, splenetic, billious, contemptible business than that of suing an editor for libel. An individual the other day tried to fasten a libel upon Mr. M'Makin, of the Model American Courier, but he got nothing ...

[...]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the accounts which leak out from the Palace walls, and from various public demonstrations, it appears that "Mrs. Brown" like some other little women—not all, by a long ways—has quite an indentity of her own. Even in her widowhood, she is what is generally termed a little *spicy*, a little bit in the merry line, and loves those around her, not even excepting Prince Albert himself, every now and then "a good setting down." In proof of this, witness the following anecdotes:

Col. Sturbourne relates, according to the Boston Examiner, that while Victoria was on a visit to Brighton last year, a crowd gathered round to see her Majesty and the Prince when walking near the sea shore, the day after they arrived, which much annoyed the Queen, and leaving to avoid the crowd, a young woman ran after and, loud enough for the Queen to hear, "Why, sister Jane would make a better-looking Queen any day." The next morning her Majesty and suite were en route for London, since which the palace at Brighton has been unoccupied by the royal family. Another anecdote, late of Night, also one hundred pounds annual grant to the *Brighton Herald* newspaper, and the Brighton *Eugenia Club* deprived of the plate of one hundred guineas, which the Queen gives to the successful racing proprietor. So much for Sister *Jane* and Queen *Victoria* at Brighton.

Another anecdote, Dickens says: "Victoria is particularly strict and severe in her suppression of French manners and fashions. Last season, when a lady for a ride on horseback, Prince Albert sprang into his saddle with a new whip in his hand. The head was of gold, designed and finished with the production in which Paisians act late attained.

"What a beautiful whip!" said the Queen.

"Yes—I received it this morning from Paris," answered the Prince.

"From Paris!" asked her Majesty, lowering her eyebrows; "take that detestable object out of my sight, and I dispense with your company in my ride!"

"The Royal spouse retired, quite confused, and the scuff found the next morning at the palace gate—a mean thing, as any one evening seldom lets pass unpunished (a contingent) of the insult of the royal Victoria.

"At a recent drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, the superb Duchess of Sutherland, Lady of Honor to the Queen, incurred, in the same way, the severest displeasure. Her dress was one of the commonly elegant and fresh from Paris. The Queen turned to her with a very pointed look, and ironically intellectual her on the stylishness of her evening adding, 'I am sorry, my dear Duchess, that your physician thinks the waters at Bath would be good for you. You can go there to-morrow if you please; but you will see some propriety in time to make for your departure, you can be excused from attendance.'

"The Duchess curtsied in silence and withdrew."

We think the Queen is right enough in giving the preference to articles manufactured by her own subjects, but if would be well for her to learn to discourage the use of articles of foreign fashion, a little more like a Queen, and not so much like a tartar.

FROM MEXICO.

The accounts of Mexico represent that country as being in a most distracted state. A revolutionary movement is brew at Santa Anna, in the city of Mexico, has been suppressed by the energy of the Government, the troops being promptly called out, and have marched on the scene of disturbance, and various other officers had been thrown into prison.

The inhabitants of Tampico have risen in insurrection, and declared for Lerdo. The movement is believed to be connected with the Texas frontier project, which really begins to wear a serious aspect. Mr. Clifford, our Minister, has left for the Mexican Government that our own will oppose the project to the utmost of its power, and in proper ways.—Good grant that these repeated positions may be made in good faith!—The object of the movements is to command the troops which are to attempt to stay the threatened dismemberment. They will amount in a few days to 5,000 men, it is said.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 148—adults 74, and children 81.

Items of News.

DEATH OF MRS. ARKWRIGHT.—This lady, pronounced by the Duke of Cambridge, to be the most accomplished woman in her Majesties' dominions, died very suddenly on the 8th ult., at Birmingham. She had been suffering from an attack of bronchitis for about a fortnight, and it is supposed that the death of her husband was the cause of it. She was the belonged to Nantwich, and was in years of age. She weighed at stone 11 lbs., measured 6 ft. round the waist, 5 ft. round the bust, 7 ft. round the hips, and 22 in. round the upper part of the arm.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The Winchester Republican has learned of an invention of great value (for which a patent has been taken out) for the purpose of making electrical connection. The end is said to be an invention of very great importance to cross manufacturers, calculated to prevent the waste of $40 per ton over the present mode. It is the invention of Mr. Lorenzo Seibert, of Stroud township, Monroe county, Pennsylvania.

REDUCTION OF WAGES AT LOWELL.—We learn from the Boston Traveller, that notices have been given at Lowell that a reduction of wages will soon take place. It is to commence on the 20th of November, on the corporations, and on January 1st the same time on the others. The reduction is considerable, 15 per cent. on the wages of men to be reduced, and the girls are to be made to tend more looms.

THE PROTESTANT UNIVERSAL.—The novelty of the "protector" consists chiefly in the adoption of a screw handle, which when closed, causes the ribs to laterally locks up the umbrella and renders it useless. The principal of applying a gentle motion to a locking device is thus entirely protected, for all that the real owner has to do to secure his property is to perfect the small thumb screw, and maintain a one of unusual interest.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—There prelate in Europe, on the death of Pius IX., from Archbishop to the chief Consul, a respectable farmer, having a family of seven children, and a wife who is in the throes of Trinity, confession, the Pope, the Cardinals of Santa, convents, monasteries, and all the clergy, and praying in foreign tongues. He goes the whole length of cassock and Morning Star.

DEAD LETTERS.—Upwards of two thousand dollars have been found enclosed in dead letters, received at the Dead Letter Office, Washington. The average amount returned from this responsible branch of the Government to places where the owners are supposed to reside is about $40 per day; this an average sum of $20 per day is restored to the parties who transmitted it.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A good deal of interest has been excited by a report in England from Peel's library, that the Esquimaux have seen white men to the east of the Mackenzie River, which furnish hope that the long-lost party of Sir John may be in the Arctic seas, have conquered the elements, and may at the moment be in the best safety.

STATE TRADE.—The Government of Brazil has been so annoyed by protests against the continuance of the slave trade, that money are receiving to put an end to it. A commercial circular states that an earnest effort is now making by government to stop the trade in slaves, and that the result is cautioned and encouraged by public opinion.

THE HAPPIEST KIND OF A HOME.—A correspondent of an exchange tells us that the happiest kind of a home, tells of the smallest "blessing up" an ever heard of. He says, "A little girl, two years old, schooner John T. Sprague is reported, by persons just in from Europe, *known a smile and a baby up in the mouth.*"

HORRIBLE.—A child of Mr. Upham, in Hallowell, Me., was scalded to death by falling into a washing trough. The child was left in the morning on a bed, upon a turn-up bedstead, and forgetful of the fact, the father turned the bed up to the wall, and so hour the bed was taken down and the child found dead.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.—A company has purchased all the Mormon property in the basin of A. W. Babbitt, the Mormon agent at Salt Lake, including the walls of the Temple; and arrangements have been made to complete the walls and roof. The price paid was twelve thousand dollars.

INDIA RUBBER LEGS.—A London inventor has applied vulcanized India rubber to the purpose of making artificial legs, which are said to be the most useful substitutes for a limb that has yet been devised. We should think they might answer the place of the elasticity of gum.

CANADIAN EMIGRATION.—The Quebec MERCURY says the emigration of the French Canadian population to the United States is increasing to a large extent. Many are selling out their property, and with the proceeds are moving southward with their household chattels.

HORRIBLE.—The John O'Groat Journal calculates, that in the present season, 10,000 cases of herrings have been captured, and supposing that each case holds 70 dozen, the total will have been 8,687,240 dozen, or 77,852,160 herrings.

SMALL NOTES.—By a royal decree the Bank of Belgium is authorized to issue notes for sums below fifty francs, to an amount to be decided upon by the Minister of Finance, in conjunction with the Bank.

General News.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The French Cabinets, who have already been sent in Algeria, will make together a body of 12,000 men, chiefly of those who took part in the revolution of June, who have become deported. They will be divided among the settlements at Algiers, Oran and Constantine.

The weather in England has undergone a delightful change, and the harvests in Scotland had been got in with better success than for many years.

Accounts from Stockholm, 1th October, state that the Cholera had appeared at Kungsberg, Tuscanal, Filee and Lisberk, and that other harbors of Prussia proper were suspected.

When the post left, on the 7th, the city of Vienna was still in arms, and great excitement prevailed; but there seemed to be no disposition to commence hostilities.

The Minister of Justice has been arrested and committed to the University. The rest of the Ministers have concealed themselves, except Dahlerup and Hendricoff. All the editors have left the town, and at present (afternoon) the fighting has ceased. One hundred and fifty persons have been killed.

The intelligence from Naples and Sicily is more tranquillizing, but the belligerents, having been stayed in their career of destruction by France and England, keep upon both the most threatening demeanor. The English ships of war seem especially active. The Sicilians are determined upon a defiance at every point, should the Neapolitan forces march on Palermo.

A deputation has waited on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, begging for his aid in the matter. The Lord-Lieutenant, it would seem, is favorable to mercy.

The Roman Catholic Bishops have refused to interfere in any appeal to the mercy of the Government in the case of Mrs. Fenny or Bridget. State prisoners have addressed Miss Power on her imprisonment for the National cause.

The COUNT are at a great loss how to proceed against Mr. Meagher. The evidence appears to be insufficient. At that time, it is said, that the necessary proof of his treasonable sentiments and acts could be obtained. But it is alleged that, being out bound at Aucenbaer ship, he was under the protection of the American flag, and therefore from the British Government had no power in arrest him.

A Library and Prayer for prisoners attacked by the Cholera, has been published in England, and has already been suppressed by the energy of the Government, the troops being promptly called out, and have marched on the scene. Barricades, and various other officers had been thrown into prison.

The inhabitants of Tampico have risen in insurrection, and declared for Lerdo. The movement is believed to be connected with the Texas frontier project, which really begins to wear a serious aspect. Mr. Clifford, our Minister, has left for the Mexican Government that our own will oppose the project to the utmost of its power, and in proper ways.—Good grant that these repeated positions may be made in good faith!—The object of the movements is to command the troops which are to attempt to stay the threatened dismemberment. They will amount in a few days to 5,000 men, it is said.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 148—adults 74, and children 81.

Political Intelligence

LETTER FROM GENERAL HANCOCK.

The Galveston News, of the 31 ultimo, publishes the following letter from General Taylor, in reply to the invitation of the Texas Volunteers, before the battle of Monterey:

[Private.] HEAD QUARTERS, July 14, 1846.

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your friendly communication of the 7th inst., informing me that the Texas Volunteers, who recently joined the army, have learned that I intend to be in the battle, and have been made by me to the impression that I intend to leave the discharge of the Texas Volunteers, chiefly before the battle of Monterey.

In reply to your inquiries on this point, I have stated that the story of the remarks attributed to me by General Henderson are incorrect, and that I have not, at any time, or any one, now such language ever my signature in the War Office, or made any letter to that effect. I think, therefore, you, however, the subject from the communication to the Secretary of War, to which I referred to in my letter of the 7th inst.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Mr. DIXON, of New Hampshire, Democratic Whig candidate, will contest the seat of his Democratic competitor, who is elected by 7 votes.

The Vermont House of Representatives has passed a bill changing the time for the election of Presidential Electors by a plurality, and not a majority.

It appears that Mr. Somes, the late Representative from Maine, was elected by a majority of 1,000 votes in the district, and not 2,000, as stated.

The Charleston Mercury says that of the one hundred and sixty-eight members of the Legislature of South Carolina, more than thirty will qualify to vote for the Taylor Electoral Ticket, if indeed a ticket is voted for at all.

The OFFICIAL RESULT IN OREGON.—The Oregon State Journal of Tuesday, contains the official vote of the State, which gives a majority for the State, nine three, as in these three the vote is Democratic, and the Democratic majority in the State there is a majority of 300 for Gen. Scofield for Congress, and 1,000 for the rest of the State. As to the Legislature, the Democratic Times says:—"The City Members have Certificates of election, and will present a particulate at the door of Sprecer and Bonham, the Democratic Members elect, and demand to be sworn in this place.

The Democratic majority in the House, provided the returns now in are not changed by the official report."

GOVERNOR DORSEY.—The following is the vote for Governor in Louisiana at the 7th Dorsey election, at the late election:

	Dorsey.	Wells.	Gibbings.	White.
Orleans	7,000	6,000	6,000	6,000
Attakapas	1,800	750	1,000	1,000
Ascension	1,000	500	1,000	1,000
Iberville	1,200	500	1,000	1,000
Lafourche	1,000	500	1,000	1,000
Total	12,000	8,250	9,750	12,000
Parish majority	3,750	Gibbings' majority	2,250	

The Democratic majority in the State Taylor Whig, and goes for Free Soil and Van Buren.

THE LAW AND—A Manchester landlord recently refused to allow the statue of Cobden to be put up in front of the house of Mr. Cobden, the sculptor, of the name of Clarke, and said under the circumstances £100 worth of harm to it. He was pursued that the sculptor sold the bust to John Wesley for that of Voltaire; one of Cleaver, to a lady who thought it was that of Mrs. Fry; and "as long barrel shoe boy's," and that of his Clan to Jack Sheppard. The jury, indignant at the oppression of the landlord, the ignorance of the purchasers, and the depreciation of the arts, gave the sculptor £500 damages!

THE GREAT SAN SERPENT.—When the Durham Union Canal was being made, between the Cape of Good Hope and Port Natal, a distance of 60 miles, a number of sea officers and crew, at four o'clock one afternoon, were ordered to dig a trench, which occupied only twenty minutes in sight of the ship, and passed under her quarter. On land appeared to be about four feet out of the water, and there was about the same depth of the body in a straight line on the surface. It was of a dark color, and the head was about the size of a length of thirty or forty feet more. The latter part of the serpent part of the body was about the thickness of a man's thigh, and when it extended its jaws, which were full of large ragged teeth, they measured about eighteen inches. Behind or tail was shaped upright between them.

HORRIBLE CHILDHOOD.—Three females in Germany, one from Hanover, one from Brunswick, and the third from Oldenburg, have been executed for the murder of their children. The first was executed for murdering her own child, and confessed to having killed seven children. The second, for murdering her own child, and confessed to having killed seven children. The third, for murdering her own child, and confessed to having killed seven children. The executioner, in each case, had to cut off the head of the child, and then to cut off the head of the mother. The executioner, in each case, had to cut off the head of the child, and then to cut off the head of the mother. The executioner, in each case, had to cut off the head of the child, and then to cut off the head of the mother.

Clippings.

27" A number of respectable young women who are laborers, have taken a shop in Liberty street, Pittsburgh, and have set up for themselves.

27" A sum of money exceeding two thousand dollars, intrusted to one David Lotter Ohio, in Washington City, within the last forty days, nearly the whole of which has been safely returned to the owner, Cincinnati.

27" Texas, the "Lone" State, has twenty newspapers published in it, eight of which are Democratic, four Whig, six neutral, and three religious.

27" Two hundred and fifty persons were poisoned in London, upon a float, capable of carrying three persons, drawn by two horses, and driven from the city to the country, and there sold at a penny a draught.

27" The Boston Post says a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, and leave his own to support, and live on with their trunks all packed ready to a start.

27" The Boston Traveller says that the books of the Merchants' Bank had been, as we learn, for the purpose of $15,000 as extra interest money.

27" Several poets at Concord, Massachusetts, have amazon grocers and opened emporiums. They have also established a newspaper called *Verse*.

27" "Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "I don't know, child; why are they?" "Because they have no mothers to spank them."

27" "Pa, what is the difference between you ketch him fish?" "Is he sound, you fool?"

27" An Irish gentleman, residing in Canada, when he saw his sons drinking champagne, would exclaim, "Ah, my boys, there goes an acre of potatoes!"

27" The women at the Gold Canal, who carry the earth in baskets on their heads, have got to be best hands when they raise children. In Japan they are considered the best nurses to be had—a number of Parliament, three pastures of the peace, persons of distinction procured a rich woman from one of the establishments, and a number of well to-do men to each other.

27" A marriage has been decided by one of the Judges in the umbra, Ohio, that magnetism is a nonsense; so long as people, where the husband is the magnetic, have already been purchased. The husband must always be the magnetic.

27" "Well, John," said a man to his son on the day he was made an apprentice, "you have got a first for a master, now." "Yes," said John, "and here has for three years, I hope."

27" Is he so—a man of means?" asked a friend of Mrs. Fondlelady, speaking of a gentleman of her neighbors. "Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the natural boldness, "for he's got a heap of children."

27" A Mr. Kwing had the audacity to petition the Rhode Island Legislature to change his name to Atkinson. The committee handed the proposition over to the Judiciary Committee, with the request to report on the first day of the fury. There is some difference between the old French Revolution and the present.

27" In speaking of the place of the new jail in Lenawee Street, the Boston *Sun* remarks, that there is to be a separate cell for each prisoner, and a comfortable bed." How large must a prisoner be, to be of a comfortable size!

27" The captain of a vessel observing that he always got very blue mild, caught the boy one day, and said to him, "Look here, boy! when you go home, tell your master to have his cows new whipped, or they look badly!"

27" The Chinese, says Sir William Temple, the great traveller, never let blood. Yet their physicians are among the most skilful in the world.

27" "Did your fall hurt you?" said one Pathfinder to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. "Not in the least, honey, 'twas stopped so quick that hurt me."

27" Dr. C. C. Yeoe, an eminent physician, formerly of New York and Albany, has died in Nova Scotia, at an advanced age. Dr. Yeoe was the husband of Mrs. Willard, the celebrated teacher, of Troy, with whom he lived but a short time after their marriage.

27" A Mr. Wigg certifies, in one of the daily papers of our city, to the excellence of a certain liniment. This issue must be good if it makes the mixer a wig grow.

27" There are fifteen flouring mills at Oswego, with thirty-six runs of stone, and can grind 10,000 bushel of wheat per day.

27" A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies under one umbrella, should always go in the middle himself—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

27" When the United States frigate Mt. Lawrence was off Southampton, she failed to salute the English Admiral's flag, when passing through the fleet. This omission is much commented on.

27" If you multiply any giving number by itself, and then add any odd No. to the product, then take from the multiplier, and add it to the multiplied, the product will always shall short by one of the farmer product. Thus—5—7, one added to 8—8—1 132—12.

27" The most industrious collectors of literary remains are trunk makers—a useful body of men.

27" The ridge pole of Mr. Lewis Brown's barn has been shown a sweet-potato measuring four feet inches in length, and five inches in circumference.

27" J. Bayard Taylor, whose "Views a-Foot" have been passed through several editions, is writing a collection of his Poems.

27" The Emperor and two ministers, elected for Guadaloupe, have taken their seats in the French National Assembly.

27" A plan has been commenced for establishing, in the Episcopal Church, an order of "Sisters of Charity." No vows are to be taken, and the object is said to be to train nurses for hospitals.

27" Mr. Morse's Patentees have asked a further period through several editions of a collection of his Poems.

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Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON, BROKER, No. 40 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Bank of Pittsburgh ..... 17 dis
Bank of Chester County ..... 1 dis
Bank of Delaware County ..... 1 dis
Bank of Germantown ..... 1 dis
Bank of Gettysburg ..... 1 dis
Bank of Lancaster ..... 1 dis
Bank of Middletown ..... 1 dis
Bank of Montgomery County ..... 1 dis
Bank of Northumberland ..... 1 dis
Bank of Pittsburgh ..... 1 dis
Bank of Pottsville ..... 1 dis
Bank of Reading ..... 1 dis
Bank of Wilkesbarre ..... 1 dis
Bank of York ..... 1 dis
Bank of Wyoming ..... 1 dis
Bank of Wyoming ..... 1 dis
Bank of Wyoming

Selected Poetry.

OH! FOR A SWEET, DEEP DREAM.

BY MRS. TOMPKINS.

Oh! for a sweet, deep dream!
Then I open my eyes to see
That I am in the land of dreams,
Or by the river of death.
Or floating on golden clouds,
Wandered in vain, and you are in the sea of
[illegible]

Is there no spell to charm
The fiend away from me?
Where is my sweet dream?
Where is my angel sight
Of the land of love?
Oh! for a sweet, deep dream!

Oh! for a sweet, deep sleep,
Where no sorrow may come
To trouble the heart with fear;
To cause the heart when the lid shrouded
With pearl dust and dread for fear of rest
To come to whisper with your living heart
And hover to the heaven of the waking soul
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your senses' pillars crowd, and fall,
Unto the silent sea so sound repast?
To whisper words of love and sweet fidelity,
To wake the fond feelings of the heart?
Mercy to tell your sadness?—Oh!

Of the Creator's love with pardon true,
For Solomon, with all his power and glory,
Who never enjoyed like any one of you!

Ay, ye, have lessons for the wise, revealing
Words that proclaim Jehovah's benevolent love,
And written them, grown wiser, sadder, feeling
How all that's good and pure is from above.
To teach the thoughtful and with pure emotion,
When contemplating the wonders of creation,
To fall the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And humble's sweet sure strength alone!

Selected Sketch.

FROM THE LADIES' GARLAND.

GRANDFATHER TYRO'S LECTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Mere's an excellent thing in the newspaper wife!" said Uncle John Tyro, looking up with a mischievous expression on his broad face.

Aunt Patience did not lift her eyes from the garment which she had opened upon her lap, and in a tone in which she was endeavoring to hide pride, but she replied:

"That is a good paper, husband, and contains many excellent articles. Read the one in question, if you please."

"Oh," he cried, "I have got past it now; but it was about three things that never get empty—the two first immediately, the third—you know's nouse."

He took an Aunt Patience's meek face down and perceptibly, as she narrowed in a low tone:

"The writer who selects such articles into his columns ought to have a head as well as a heart; and I ought never to hear the tones of affection from the tongue of another, save my wife or daughter."

"Oh! ho! I thought this was a 'good paper'?" cried Uncle John. "But you make it good, my love. Your tongue will never grow rusty."

Aunt Patience crumpled her work into her basket, lighted an extra candle and left the room. But as she turned to shut the door, a boy near her clock flashed in the candle-light like a thunderbolt.

Old Grandfather Tyro sat in his easy chair, around the soft cushions which Aunt Patience had stitched and stuffed for him, and contemplated in the rosy clothes and soft woollens, which her diligent hands had fashioned for her use. He had drawn his white pipe as she went out, and from an unusual Uncle John:

"My son, listen to me now a little while. I shall not be with you long, to counsel or reprove. I do not often lecture you, but now I must speak. You are not outwardly wicked or cruel, and yet you have unwisely inflicted a cruel pain on the heart of an excellent and unoffending person. She and right—not mine, by professing such an article, adds a thing to the scourge of tyranny, ought never to hear the voice of human love. Man has robbed woman of every independent right and privilege—and standing with his heel upon her neck, calls and terrible because he has taken from her the freedom of speech also. Don't interrupt me, John; I am speaking for your good, and you must listen. But tell me, did Patience ever reproach you when you did not deserve reproof—did she ever advise but for your good—did she ever complain without just and sufficient cause? Reflect and answer.

"It is well—she never did. And I am confident that these remarks are not. And when I say woman—not children or idiots. Why is it, then, that the spirit of man rises so indignantly against the voice of reproof, or the imputation of blame? It is not good for the man to be alone.' Let us make an helper meet for him.' And when, the Allwise created woman, a sour or excitable creature he would not have made her, but one whose the most oppressed and burdened of all slaves.

"I read a few weeks since in a newspaper, published at Utica, and entitled Christian Constitutionalist, an article headed 'Charles Mandy and his slave Primus.' The writer, in sketching the difference that intercourse between Mr. Mandy and his slave, has depicted the most perfect and tender conjugal love. There is not a wife living who might not envy the attentions of that slave; or say, 'oh, that my master were as indulgent and affectionate as he!' And yet the writer of that article laments over the fate of poor Primus, and says, 'All human bondage is a war waged against the highest life of man, and so also an interruption and abuse of the prerogative of God. Wherever a family is given, its freedom is implied. God never grants power without the freedom to exchanged consent, connected with the functions of the whole being, and wherever in any way maintains another's life, is in open rebellion against the sovereign will of Heaven.' I wondered, as I read such sentiments, whether the writer had her first year's woman's work while he was writing it. If he is a husband, most probably he is. If he is a father, most probably he is. If he is neither, then I pity him, whose life is, as he says, unutilized, and from whom he would gladly wrest even the freedom of action.

"I was a young and thoughtless man once, John, and your mother was one of the best of wives and mothers. Yet, John, I have often said to her, and frankly, that I would not be a woman for all the world.